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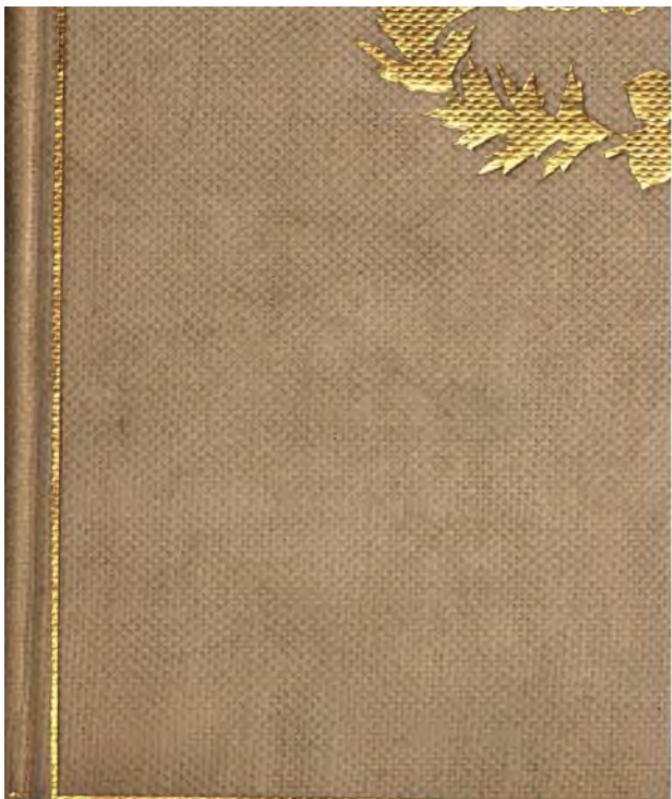
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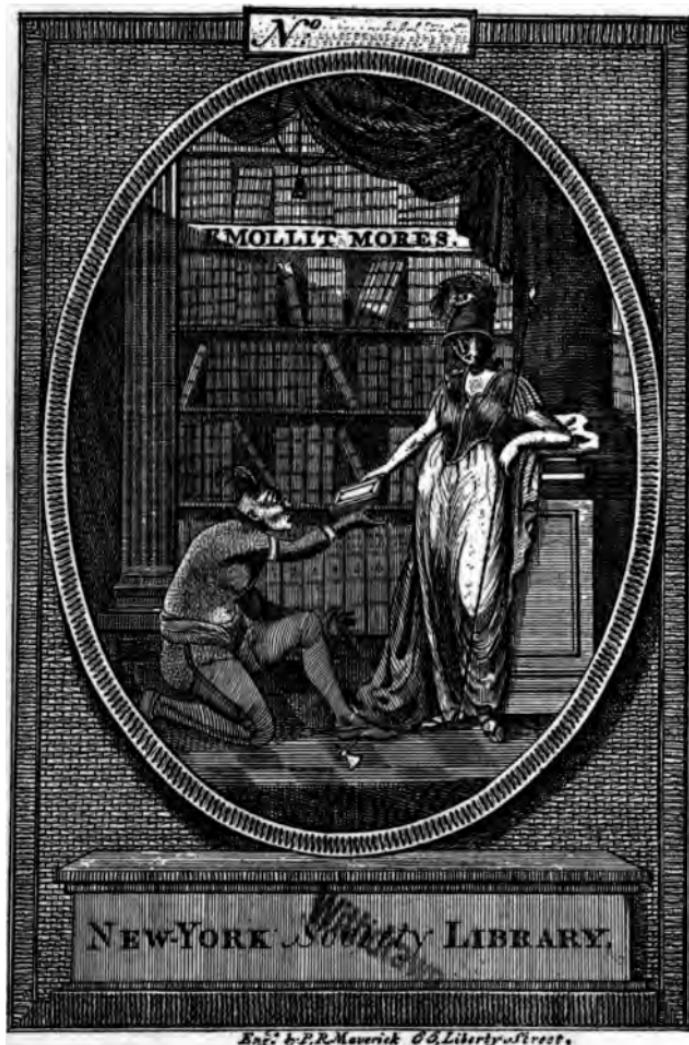
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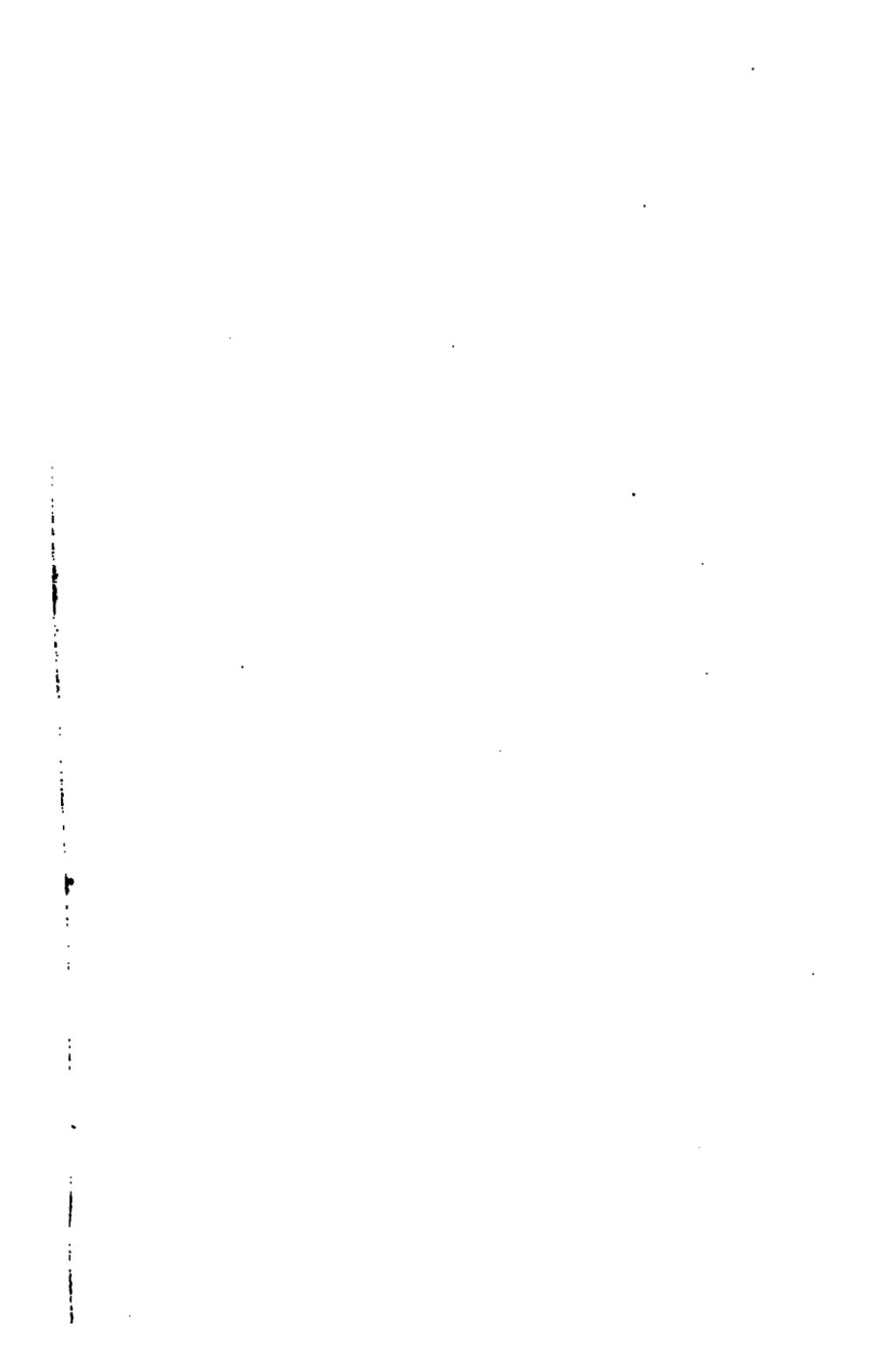




GIFT

Mrs. Rowland Hazard





VERSES

TO

M. R. H.

BORN SEPTEMBER 28, 1834

DIED AUGUST 7, 1895



Printed, not Published

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Withdr
NEW
SOCIETY LIBRARY

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Number 6

THESE verses are printed for our own comfort, to remind ourselves that we always loved her, not to the extent of her worth, but to the measure of our capacity. From the time she was eighteen years old she did not lack expressions of tender love ; and as the years went on they multiplied. The seasons came to be marked for us at the time of Spring and Autumn by our two festivals, the Wedding-day, and the Birthday. Beside her own Laureate, there were others, children and friends, who delighted to celebrate these days ; so this collection of verses makes a record of the love which she inspired.

OAKWOODS IN PEACE DALE, R. I.

Christmas-tide, 1895.

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VERSES TO M. R. H.

A SIMILE

1865

BEHIND the glow of morning's sky
There lies a depth of heaven se-
rene,
The fading glories quickly fly,
And then the calm, deep blue is seen.

So often in the morn of youth
An early love flames all aglow,
The golden clouds seem God's own
truth,
Which change or loss can never know.

A Simile

Oh ! blest, thrice blest ! that happy pair
Whose youthful eyes those clouds have
seen,
Have watched them fade in heaven's blue
air,
And found *beyond* love's depth serene.

OAKWOODS IN PEACE DALE, R. I.

OUR COTTAGE BY THE SEA

FROM our cottage by the sea,
We can hear the breakers roar,
See the sea gulls winging free
Their noiseless flight along the shore.

There the white-winged vessels fly
Across the azure heaving plain,
When underneath the Southern sky
Great waves come rolling from the main.

And the winds they whisper tales,
Mystic tales to thee and me,
And the shifting light unveils
Beauty only we can see.

Our Cottage by the Sea

For we see together, love,
 Eye to eye, and soul to soul,
'Neath the heaven that bends above,
 O'er the seas that round us roll.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *Christmas, 1883.*

TO MY WIFE

THE fields are brown, the leaves are
dead and sere,
Waiting the welcome covering of the
snow.
Cold wintry winds across the landscape
blow,
While happy Christmas-tide is drawing
near.
Backward my memory runs from year to
year,
Till thirty happy Christmas-tides I see,
Whose joys and blessings centre, love,
in thee,
Thyself the blessing which I hold most
dear !

To my Wife

For all these years thy love with mine, dear
wife,

Has formed a bond so true, and sweet,
and strong,

It cannot be destroyed except with life—
Nay, death cannot destroy, 't will last so
long

As being lasts, whether it be on earth
Or with the host which sang our Saviour's
birth.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *Christmas, 1883.*

TO M. R. H.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

WELL sang the Poet of the olden
time,
When “many voiced” he called the
sounding sea.
In varied notes, of wondrous harmony,
The billows chant their never ending
rhyme.
They sing upon this western shore to
me—
Now whispering low, and now in tones
sublime—
As when they sang in that far Eastern
clime,
Where Homer learned their tales of mys-
tery.

To M. R. P.

So as I walk along Time's narrow shore,
Sweet whispering voices from the past I
hear,
While life's vast ocean broadens out be-
fore.
And sweetest, best, dear wife! thy ac-
cents dear
With thirty years of love, for evermore
Shall thrill my soul, till Heaven itself
draws near.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., *March 29, 1884.*

TO M. R. H.

TO carry coals to Newcastle
Is called the height of folly,
To carry sweets unto the sweet
Is certainly more jolly.
So this coal scuttle trim and neat
Brings sweets to her who is so sweet.

March 29, 1884.

TO MY WIFE

ON HER FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

IN the sweet September days,
Fifty garnered years ago,
When the sun, through golden haze,
Smiles on forests all ablaze,
And the zephyrs softly blow
Over fields of ripened corn,
Thou, a little maid, wast born.

Of the birthdays which have flown
Since that happy day, dear wife,
Thirty-one with thee I 've known.
My heart has clung to thee alone,
Binding closer life to life.
And the love light in thine eyes
Fills me still with glad surprise.

To my Wife

And thy birthday's mellow light,
In the soft September weather,
Falls around my pathway bright,
Fills my bosom with delight,
As we go on together,
For thou into my truest life
Hast shed the light of love, dear wife !

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1884.*

II

TO MY WIFE
WITH A LAMP, ON HER FIFTIETH BIRTH-
DAY

SHALL we fifty candles burn
For the birthdays which are fled ?
No ! this lamp will serve our turn,
We will light it up instead.
It will burn for many an hour,
With flame of fifty candle power.

The wick and oil must be supplied,
And careful hands must tend it,
Then it will burn whate'er betide —
If 't breaks ? why, love can mend it.
Oh burn, fair flame, and cease, oh never !
Burn on ! a torch of love forever !

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1884.*

TO MY WIFE

WHEN the evening lamp is lit,
And beside our fire we sit,
With the day's work fairly done ;
The games of cribbage lost and won
On this inlaid cribbage board
Relaxation may afford.

Fifteen two, a go — one more,
A Pair at thirty-one counts four.

So the years march on apace,
We run even in the race,
For to-day with setting sun
We must both count thirty-one.
But the game is not yet done,
A new lustrum 's just begun,
May we peg an even score
Two and two forever more.

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1885.*

TO MY WIFE

THESE glittering stones are but an emblem cold
Of love that springs within this heart of mine,
But yet they sparkle with pure light divine
Akin to love, though somewhat overbold,—
And in their shape a loving heart they hold,
And form a clasp to bind my heart to thine.

SANTA BARBARA, *Christmas, 1885.*

TO MY WIFE

ACROSTIC

TIS March—again the twenty-ninth
is here—
How fast the fleeting years their course
have sped !
It is the day, dear love, when we were
wed !
Rare day ! blest day of all the happy
year !
Ten years ? Twenty years ? how many
years, my dear ?
You do not wish that I should freely say ?
To hear is to obey — and so, the day
Was very long ago — of that I 'm clear.
One other thing I surely may relate,
You were a lovely, sweet, and charming
bride —

To my Wife

Each winning charm made me the more
elate,
And every smile filled me with greater
pride.

Rare day ! the years I 'd truly like to state,
So search these rhymes, they 've little
else beside.

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1886.*

TO MY WIFE

WITH A JAPANESE SCREEN

FROM icy north, across November
skies,

The birds of passage wing their tireless
flight.

Oft have I listened in the fading light,
To see whence came their distant clangor-
ous cries.

Meanwhile the moon, as if in mild sur-
prise,

Looked out above, the drifting clouds
between,

And saw, alike, the ice bound northern
scene,

And that fair land to which the wild fowl
flies.

To my Wife

'T is thus, my loved one, from these
bowers of ease,
We watch the years fly by, beyond the
door
Through which we all must pass. On
bended knees
We wait to join the host that's gone be-
fore,—
Meanwhile from flowery banks by summer
seas,
Our duty calls us to the North once
more.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., *March 29, 1886.*

TO M. R. H.

THE glowing sun sinks gently to the
sea,
Across the valley stream the level rays,
And all the west is filled with golden
haze,
Where hovering angel wings we seem to
see.
The lengthening shadows creep from tree
to tree,
Soft fades the glory from the golden air
Till twilight steals o'er all the landscape
fair,
And starry night looks down on thee and
me.
So looking backward through the golden
light

To M. R. B.

Of happy years, now numbering thirty-three,

Since thou to me, dear wife, thy troth
didst plight,

I clasp thy hand, and look with faith to
see

The stars of God shine out with radi-
ance bright,

To guide us on, with light for thee and
me.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., *March 29, 1887.*

TO M. R. H.

THIS horn of plenty in a mask
Comes to salute your wedding day,
A trifle, but if you will ask
It has some pleasant words to say.

Your little daughter cut the sack,
The glass was cut I don't know where,
But 't is so cut it has the knack
Of shedding fragrance on the air.

And then if you but ope the flask,
And wish with all your might and main,
The genius knows the thing you ask
And straightway brings it with his chain.

And now he 's harnessed for the trip
A chariot and two horses strong,

C. M. R. H.

Pull out the stopper, crack the whip,
Away the carriage rolls along.
The genius now the wish has heard
Next summer he 'll redeem his word.

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1887.*

WHEN first thy troth thou plightedst
me,
I gave a little ring to thee,
With but a single gem ;
But in my heart I crowned thee queen,
With gems and jewels all unseen,
With love's true diadem.

And now the years are thirty-four
Since we were wed, and more and more
Love's jewels sparkle clear.
Thy finger's circlet will not hold,
Within its narrow rim of gold,
A gem for every year.

So, crowded in this little ring,
A circle full of gems I bring,
As joys have filled the years.

"When first thy Truth"

The emblem of eternity,
Ne'er ending love it brings to thee,
Love perfect without fears.

SANTA BARBARA,
March 29, 1888.

TO MY WIFE

WHAT do I see in those dark eyes
Where I so fondly love to gaze?"
So asked I once, and the replies
Are scattered in an endless maze
Through all the years which since have
fled,
Through all the years since we were wed.

Three dozen years ! and each a book ;
Three dozen books and each one writ
With tales I read whene'er I look
In those dear eyes, with love lights lit.
My heart responsive beats, and now I
surely know
What I but dimly dreamed, three dozen
years ago.

To my Wife

Three dozen years have quickly fled
Since thou and I, dear wife, were wed,
Happy our lot through all these years !
Blest with great joy, few griefs, few
tears,
With flowers our pathway has been spread.
And onward still our path we tread,
Still hand in hand and safe bestead
By love whose whispered tale endears
Three dozen years.

Words are but breath and quickly said,
But deeds and life are here instead ;
A life where love, true love, appears
To lead the way, to conquer fears,
As thou, my love, my way hast led
Three dozen years.

TORQUAY, DEVONSHIRE, *March 29, 1890.*

TO M. R. H.

THIS jar was fashioned in that Eastern land
Famed for its jewels rare, and pearls,
and gold ;
Yet gems and jewels 'twas not made
to hold,
But only rose-leaves, plucked with careful
hand.
Such jars, perchance, the Wise Men
brought with them,
With myrrh and incense filled, to Bethlehem.

“Sweets to the Sweet!” this blessed
Christmas day !
Roses have strewn our path from life's
young spring

To M. B. P.

Till now they bloom in winter, and I
bring
This jar for rose-leaves gathered by the
way.
Not only rose-leaves now 't will safely
hold,
But memories sweet, dearer than pearls
or gold.

SANTA BARBARA, *Christmas, 1890.*

FOR M. R. H.

THIS China ware comes from “over
the sea,”
Where the pig-tails grow, and the fragrant
tea
Is gathered and cured by the Heathen
Chinee,
To be brewed in a pot for you and for
me.

But some of this China is real Japan-
ese ;
Observe ! that is not a bull if you please,
But China shop language much at its ease ;
For Japanese ware comes from “over the
seas.”

for M. R. H.

Now if “over the seas” and “over the
sea”
Makes a difference so great in cups made
for tea,
Oh ! let me add S’s for thee and for me,
To make all our wishes the best that can
be.

SANTA BARBARA, *Christmas, 1890.*

TO M. R. H.

FOR thirty-seven years the circling
sun
Has counted golden days for thee and
me,
And on this morn, a gift I bring to
thee,
To celebrate the New Year now begun.
A curious gift, a Dial cut in stone
Set in the Mission Wall for all to see,
But marking first to-day for thee and me
Our wedding hour, for thee and me
alone.
This Dial takes no note of hours not
bright,
With its first day it marks our wedding
hour,

To M. R. P.

So all our hours in love's pure golden
light

Have sunny proved though outward
clouds may lower.

The love-light kindled all these years ago
Now fills my life with its pervasive glow.

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1891.*

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE DIAL

LUX DEI VITÆ VIAM MONSTRAT
SED UMBRA HORAM ATQUE
FIDEM DOCET

TO M. R. H.

ON Mission Hill, built long ago,
Old Mission walls their shadows
 throw,
And though with newly-quarried stone,
To wider sweep new walls have grown,
Behind the old the violets grow.

Thus as life's shadows come and go,
The new and young can never know
 The perfumed shade age brings alone,
 On Mission Hill.

But age approaching fast or slow,
Can only deepen memory's flow.

To M. R. H.

I look through years when seeds were
sown

Of fragrant flowers, by thee my own,
And now they bloom though cold winds
blow

On Mission Hill.

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1892.*

TO M. R. H.

YOU have heard of the famous Peach-blown vase,
By accident made, they say ;
The Ceramic worshipper veils his face,
And does not dare to move from his place,
When his eyes behold the play
Of the light on its glittering sheen,
Of the light on its color serene.

He holds his breath like a true Japanese,
Oh what if the vase should fall ?
The light of the world would go out if you
please,
I beg you won't stir, not even to sneeze ;
To all the good saints I call,
To keep the lovely, beautiful vase
Safe and secure in its resting-place.

To M. R. P.

Now here is a small little bit of Peachblow,

It gleams with a jewel's light,
'T is a gift for my love, to tell her, you know,

We were married thirty-eight years ago.

Yet love lights are shining bright,
And the glow of love is lovelier far
Than the gleam and sheen of a Peachblow jar.

And round about the little Peachblow

Is a group of commoner urns.
Each piece is anxious good will to show,
And each with a bow as it stands in the row,

Wishes many happy returns
Of this day, this happiest day, my dear !
Happiest day of all the year !

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1892.*

THE TWO MARGARETS

WITH FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER BROOCHES

TWO Margarets are here to-night,
Both are pearls of radiance bright.
Scarce worthy of a gift to them
Would be the purest, brightest gem.

But if you see among the grass
A four-leaved clover as you pass,
You pick it quick, good luck it brings,
Good luck ! Good luck, it softly sings.

So for both these Margarets mine,
Whose lives must ever intertwine,
Let four-leaved clovers mark this day.
Good luck ! Good luck, they softly say.

OAKWOODS, THANKSGIVING,
November 24, 1892.

TO M. R. H.

DAY after day the speaking pictures
grow,
Two portraits by one master's pencil
true.
With magic touch the veil he pierces
through,
And there revealed life's currents come
and go.
I watch the work with wonder ever new;
A little pigment here, a slight touch
there,
And features I have ever deemed most
fair,
With smiling eyes drift slowly into view.

To M. R. H.

But artist's hand can never hope to trace
 What Time has graven with his finger
 slow
Through many years upon the elder face,
 Sweetness enthroned! which I began
 to know
With thee, my love, which time cannot ef-
 face!
Dear heart, 't is nine and thirty years
 ago!

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1893.*

TO M. R. H.

WITH A SCARABEE

FROM chrysalid the beauty loving
Greek
Saw Psyche flutter forth on perfumed
breeze,
And ancient Egypt, in her scarabees,
Saw the same truth, and heard the same
voice speak ;
The voice of God teaching each soul that
sees
The miracle of life come forth from
death,
That soul is brought to life by God's
own breath.
The learners worshipped then, on bended
knees.

To M. R. P.

On ancient emblems, now, new light is
poured,
The empty sepulchre doth open stand —
He is not there, but is on earth adored,
While angels point us to the heavenly
land —
To those blest portals, where our risen
Lord
Is waiting now, with loving outstretched
hand.

FLORENCE, March 29, 1894.

TO M. R. H.

WITH THE SONNET ON A SCARABEE

THUS after forty years, dear wife, I
bring
This little verse, and lay it at thy feet.
Would it were worthier of thy presence
sweet,
Would that my muse had greater strength
to sing.

And with the verse, as we approach the
goal
Which after forty years we almost see,
I bring as kin to love this Scarabee,
Most ancient emblem of the birth of soul.
For in the soul is born that love divine
Which forty years ago thou madest mine.

FLORENCE, March 29, 1894.

TO M. R. H.

WITH A BROOCH

MAY *Heart's ease*, dear love,
Come with the years threescore !
Heart's ease ! an unending store
Thou hast given me,
So I to thee
This emblem bring, and o'er and o'er
I wish 't may fail thee never more.

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1894.*

TO M. R. H.

CHRISTMAS, 1894

IN ancient days there was no ink
Except within the cloister's shade,
And still its letters, if you think,
Reveal the place where first 't was made.

As "encre" in French it hardly tells
Of monkish cells from whence it came,
But the Italian schoolboy spells
In *inchiostro* its full name.

In chiosco! past and gone
Are monks and cloisters, gown and
cell,
They sheltered learning in its dawn,
Their writings still the story tell.

To M. R. B.

And in the ink with which they wrote
The tale is told on every page,
And on the stream of speech doth float
The record true from age to age.

So ink-ee-os-tro, now I say,
And bring these cells for ink to thee,
Hoping that from their depths there may
Flow missives sweet from thee to me.
SANTA BARBARA, *December 25, 1894.*

TO M. R. H.

LAST year the flowers to grace our
wedding day
Grew on Italian soil, by Arno's side,
Anemones with royal purple dyed,
And brilliant tulips led the gay array.
This year sweet roses thrust their mates
aside,
And, bending low, to thee their homage
pay,
While fragrant breezes from the mountains
stray,
Through perfumed cañons to Pacific's
tide.
Where'er the soil, where'er the chosen
clime,
Sweet flowers have bloomed to grace
this blessed day,

To **A. R. B.**

And treasured memories sweet its
advent greet;

Through one and forty years I count the
time

Since on our wedding morn I took my
way

To lay thy wedding garlands at thy
feet.

SANTA BARBARA, March 29, 1895.

TO M. R. H.

WITH CAROLINE CUSTER ROSES

THIS little vase a single rose doth
hold,

It makes complete the tale of forty-one,
Its glowing petals kissed by loving sun
Show 'neath their folds a heart of blushing
gold.

Sure love's sweet tale was ne'er more fitly
told

Than in the colors of this lovely flower
Which here I bring, beloved, to thy
bower,

And all my inmost heart to thee unfold.

So love, pure love, forever tells its tale,
Opens its heart of hearts though words
may fail.

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1895.*



AN INSCRIPTION FOR A DIAL

I MARK no hours not bright ;
Steadfast through gloom I stand
Waiting till God command
To shine on me his light.



TO MAMMA

A PURPLE flower, dear Mamma,
To pin your lace so soft and white,
If you will look quite close at it,
Behold deep in its heart a light
That shines and glistens as you move,
And is the light of endless love.

Deep in my heart there is a light,
My love for you, dear, dear Mamma,
It shines and gleams each day more bright,
At morn a sun, by night a star ;
And every thought and wish of mine
For you with love doth glow and shine.

M. H.

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1887.*

TO MAMMA

MY dearest mother comforts me,
And wraps me, when it freezes,
In fleecy wool, and Shetland fine,
Oh dearest, sweetest mother mine !
To keep off cold spring breezes.

My dearest mother is my joy,
And now I bring her this warm thing,
My heart is worked in every line,
Oh dearest, sweetest mother mine !
'T will fright away the cold of spring.

To-day 's my mother's wedding day !
Then, mother dear, read me quite thro',
Read deep, and clear, between each rhyme,
And in my heart and for all time
At every turn you 'll find just you !

M. H.

TORQUAY, *March 29, 1890.*

TO DEAR MAMMA

WE are two lizards from the States,
And oh! we tell you what,
Th' opinions that we hear expressed
Make us quite mad and hot !

This place is mighty nice, perhaps,—
The sea is blue, we think,
But then one good Pacific whale
Could take it for a drink.

The mountains have a stately height,
But oh! we 'll not forsake
Our California hills so gay
With tune of Rattlesnake.

To Dear Mamma

But now we did n't come to scold,
We simply came to say,
Our native land is wishing you
A merry Christmas Day !

M. H. F.

CANNES, *Christmas, 1893.*

TO DEAR MAMMA

SEE ! Holly and Bamboo,
My New Year's gift to you.
Oh ! sure when these two meet,
The wishes must be sweet,
For one all grace does bring,
The other — pretty thing —
Dear gay Holly,
Just says "Jolly !"
Joy, and grace, and all things greet
You, our tender mother sweet.

M. H. F.

CANNES, *New Year's Day, 1894.*

TO M. R. H.

THE roaring twenty-ninth of March
Is here again to-day ;
When first the family hallowed it,
We were not here to say
The words of love which then were spoke
In quite another way.

A daughter from a distant shore
Sends greetings dear
'Cross deserts drear
To lay her blossoms at your door.

R. G. H.

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1892.*

TO MAMMA

I LOVE you dearly, dear Mamma,
And that health's roses may
Bloom brightly on your cheeks again,
I tell you so to-day !

And if in search of health you go
From London to Cathay,
I'll follow in your steps, dear Ma'am,
Unless you say me nay !

And now I wish you glad returns
Of this most happy day,
And wish you all else that you wish,
And therewith end my say.

H. H.

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1884.*

TO M. R. H.

THEN years ago my last poor fainting
hope
Naught but thy kindness kept from dull
despair,
Till it should raise itself enough to dare
Tho' tremblingly with mocking fate to
cope,
Struggling where seemed a swift descend-
ing slope
Down to a mire where naught the foot
would bear
Of one who yet to light would seek to
grope,
With ever greater longing for a share
Of the sweet mutual love of man and wife,
Which stronger grows with every passing
year.

To M. R. B.

How shall I thank thee for the one most
dear,
Whom then to me my changing fate did
give,
Whose love shall give me cheer long as
we live,
And hope of greater blessing after life !

N. T. B.

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1894.*

À MADAME HAZARD

EN vain je cherche dans ma tête
Quelque souhait pour votre fête !

L'amour dévoué d'un époux ?

Madame,
Vous l'avez.

L'affection, si douce à l'âme,
D'une famille tout à vous ?

Madame,
Vous l'avez.

Le merci de la pauvre femme
Dont votre aide est le seul avoir ?

Madame,
Vous l'avez.

Notre prière de ce soir ?

Madame,
Vous l'aurez :

À Madame Hazard

“Mon Dieu ! mettez la paix et la joie
auprès d'elle.
Ne troublez pas ses jours, ils sont à vous,
Seigneur !
Vous devez la bénir, car son âme fidèle
Voit dans la charité le secret du bonheur.”

En vain j'ai cherché dans ma tête,
Je n'ai que ça pour votre fête !

E. A. D.

FERN CORNER, le 28 Septembre, '90.
60

TO THE MISTRESS OF THE
HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

FROM ONE OF THE PILGRIMS

THOUGH life is but a dusty way
By weary pilgrim slowly trod,
We sometimes stay our burning feet
Where soft green turf and daisies sweet
 Supplant the faded sod.

And, though the fervor of the heat
 May parch our lips with thirst,
We sometimes find cool, gracious springs
Beside our devious wanderings
 From mossy covert burst.

And, gathering strength from soft repose
 And sparkling draught for limb and
 brain,

To the Mistress

We kiss the turf, we bless the well,
And, taking up the staff and shell,
Pace lightly on again.

MRS. FORBES.

OAKWOODS.

62

TO COUSIN MARGARET

THE glow and the glory were
plighted ”
To grayness — for morning had come ;
And there in our chamber, half lighted,
We heard a sweet murmurous hum ;
And a voice, in low, musical measures,
Sounded clear and distinct through the
gloom
And we knew that his Lordship of Pleas-
ures,
That Love, had come into our room !

Spake his Lordship in language emphatic :
“ Behold ! I have need of your aid.
At times, it is true, I ’m erratic,
But now I am serious and staid.
In the Barnacle porch a deposit
Is sheltered quite safe from the dew ;

To Cousin Margaret

Be sure you are careful, because it
Is merely confided to you.

“ You will take it, instanter, that package,
To her whose sweet name’s on it writ —
You are foolish, of course, for you lack
age,

But at least for this duty you’re fit.
Just give it as coming from Cupid
Who left it one morning at dawn ;
Don’t make a mistake ; don’t be stupid,
Or ” — and suddenly Cupid was gone !

Half fearing the threat that his Lordship
In that last broken sentence conveyed,
Yet elated by pride in our wardship,
We fared forth that he might be obeyed.
We were happy to do as directed,
We were thanking our stars for our
luck —

To Cousin Margaret

When right in our path we detected,
Peeping over a mushroom top, Puck !

That malicious and rascally elflet
Deliberately cocked up his eye,
And declared : “ I cannot myself let
Such a fine chance for mischief go by ! ,
What fun I shall have as I watch you !
Oh, *won't* you get into a mess
When Cupid shall come here and catch
you !
Ha ! Ha ! *I've been at the address !!*

“ And you *won't* dare to say that I 've
changed it,”
And Puck for a moment looked grave,
“ But I fancy you 'll find I 've arranged it
In a way that will quite make you rave.
Just listen, my dears, while I read you —
And, remember, it 's all of it true ;

To Cousin Margaret

There 's not a word here to mislead you —
All the same, though, it 's Hebrew to
you : —

*“To her who is tenderest, sweetest ;
Who is strongest and truest of heart ;
Whose life is the best, the completest,
From everything ill set apart ;
Who exists to make gladness for others ;
Whose presence puts sorrow to flight ;
Who 's the dearest of wives and of mothers,
Who is, truly, all sweetness and light.”*

We smiled, as Puck finished his reading
In a proud, supercilious tone,
And we said : “ You are right, no misleading
Is here — that we readily own.”
“ Why, you don 't mean to say that you 've
guessed it ? ”
Puck asked with a crestfallen look.

To Cousin Margaret

“ You yourself,” we replied, “ have confessed it
Is as clear as the words in a book.

“ Do you fancy, you small, silly fairy,
There’s more than one person like this?
Don’t you know that the angels are chary
Of giving us heavenly bliss?
Cousin Marg’ret shall have it to-day, sir,
Love’s orders are followed at once ;
As to you, Puck, there’s no need to stay,
sir,
After proving yourself such a dunce ! ”

So here is the story in *toto*—
And here is the parcel Love sent :
Which, of course, we are happy should go
to
The person for whom it was meant.

To Cousin Margaret

And if these Barnacular measures
Are not nearly what you should get,
Please remember that certain great pleasures
Have the Barnacle lately upset!

T. A. J.

THE BARNACLE,

C. A. J.

September 28, 1886.

TO COUSIN MARGARET

THIS comes from Kate. Under her
hand

The colors blended as she planned.
Her brushes came and went ; the picture
grew —

A modest picture : nothing in it grand.
But to its making went out all her heart,
Filling with lovingness its every part —
For every part of it was made for you :
Of you she thought at end of it and
start.

With it (she says) our love we cannot
send.

Once spent, a treasure is no more to
spend ;

To Cousin Margaret

Once grown, a tree can only say: "I
grew;"

That which is ended passes not the end.
So love we cannot send; for long ago—
Steadfast, not idly passing to and fro—
Out from our hearts went our great love
for you:

An ebbless tide that ever is at flow.

T. A. J.

THE BARNACLE,
September 28, 1887.

TO COUSIN MARGARET

SEPTEMBER 28, 1894

LOVE reaches far, knowing no let nor
stay,
And with great distance only stronger
grows :
So we, for love of her we crown to-day
Add to the wreath a love-sent Provence
rose !

T. A. J.

AVIGNON, *September 13.*

C. A. J.



TO MAMMA

WITH RED AND WHITE ROSES

IN olden times the tint of love
Was always glowing red,
And so these roses speak to thee
Of happy years now fled.

But fair and saintly were those years,
And pure as crystal light ;
Therefore beside the glowing red
To thee belongs the white.

TURIN, *September 28, 1876.*

WITH A BROOCH

MY dear Mamma, we bring to you
The pin of great renown,
The famous pin from Prince's Street
In Edinburgh town.

The pin you see is richly wrought
With silver and with gold,
Which both with all their fair designs
A crystal do enfold.

And do you ask the meaning ?
The hidden sense of each ?
The gold is for our silence,
The silver for our speech.

But as the gold and silver
Are only the outside,

With a Brooch

The cover and the ornament
Which doth the crystal hide,

So midst all our talking,
Or when we silent are,
The crystal is our love for you,
Of life our guiding star.

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1877.*

HER PRICE IS ABOVE RUBIES

ALTHOUGH of gifts I have no store,
I cannot let this blessed morn —
The morning of the day when thou wast
born —
Shine on the earth once more,
But I must also tribute bring.
Not in grand heroic measure
Can I extol my greatest treasure,
Can I the changes ring
Upon her goodness and her grace,
Upon her virtues pure and rare,
Upon her gifts of mind as fair,
Or pensive beauty of her face.
But I praise the good God for her,
And love, and bless her, and adore her.

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1877.*

WITH A PAIR OF EMBROIDERED CURTAINS

A WINTER'S work, my dear Mamma,
I gladly bring to you,
My comfort in my loneliness,
My pleasure ever new.

For with every stitch I thought,
Will this please dear Mamma ?
And with every leaf I drew
I thought of you afar.

And so my work became a bridge
That linked you close to me,
And, working, I was at your side
Though you were o'er the sea.

With Embroidered Curtains

So though it is not silver,
Your daughter's love it may
Show forth with more than silver speech
On this your wedding day.

PROVIDENCE, *March 29, 1879.*

SEPTEMBER 28TH

THIS day to me is gladdest of all days.
This day each year I sing my dear-
est's praise,
Though, having her, all days are glad to
me,
And loving her, in all things love I see.
Day unto day utters forth its speech,
And night to night its knowledge shows,
So year by year I try to teach
My tongue to tell the love that grows
Within my heart, far out of reach.
Ah hopeless task, and vain endeavor !
Some portion of it I can tell,
But the whole volume of it, — never.

OAKWOODS, 1880.

NO gift have I, my dear Mamma,
Your natal day to grace,
No bit of China from Canton,
Or any other place !

But, dear Mamma, I bring to you
What oft I 've brought before,
And still will bring through many years,
Which grows but more, and more,

More and more, till all my soul
Is filled with love for you,
A love which blesses all my life,
Most dear, most sweet, most true.
“WHIMSY COT,” *September 28, 1881.*

TO MAMMA, ON HER BIRTH-
DAY

AGAIN with joy my song I raise
To greet the gladdest of all days.
What though to outward eyes the year
More full of pain than joy appear,
God knows the harvest of the heart;
'T is not for me with curious art
To pry into these mysteries.
Enough for me that each day sees
The lovely face more lovely growing,
The eyes with deeper insight glowing,
The fair white brow become more queenly,
Speaking a mind at peace serenely,
And from the lips the gathered treasure
Of wisdom flows in endless measure.

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1882.*

TO M. R. H.

SWEETEST, and best, and dearest
Of all upon the earth,
I long with ardent longing
 To celebrate thy worth,
In some heroic measure,
 Some verse of sweetest rhyme,
Which shall extol my treasure
 And last to latest time.
But when I would endeavor
 To speak my ardent love
My foolish tongue but stammers,
 My lips refuse to move.
That love so deep, so tender
 Is of my life a part,
And if I once could speak it
 'T would break my very heart.

PROVIDENCE, *Christmas*, 1882.

TO MAMMA, ON HER BIRTH-
DAY

JOY is not joy, art thou not near,
Life is not life, away from thee,
A poor half-crippled thing, a sere
And barren plant, a fruitless tree.
But when with thee, ah then expands
My mind's horizon, like the sea,
Thou leadest me to heavenly lands,
And all is good and fair through thee.
My dearest treasure ! heart's delight !
Mistress and guardian of my soul,
With thee all gladness grows more bright,
With thee all sorrows from me roll.
Thus have I sung my Love for years,
But love is dumb, and overflows in tears.

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1883.*

TO MAMMA, ON HER BIRTH-
DAY

FOR others I write verses,
For others strive with care ;
For them my tongue rehearses
The love to them I bear.

But for you, my dearest,
What need of loving art ?
One long deep look is clearest,
For you possess my heart.

WHIMSY COR,

September 28, 1885.

IN THE FIRST COPY OF THE
MEMOIRS OF J. LEWIS DIMAN

C RITIC dear, and lover true
Take the book I bring to you,
You, who fanned the kindling fire ;
I, fulfilling your desire,
Let love and reverence do their part,
Take it, Dear, you have my heart.

OAKWOODS, *November, 1886.*

MY DEAREST DEAR

MY dearest Dear, your daughters
twain

Write you a verse with one refrain
Upon this joyful Christmas day,
Day of love and joy alway,
Joyful day that comes again.

To tell our love indeed were vain,
So deep its seat in heart and brain,
How deep now, dear, 't is hard to say,
My dearest Dear.

But 't is our best, our truest gain
To love you, and to make it plain
That 't is your love that lights our way,
Your love for which we humbly pray,
Your love, if you so far will deign,
My dearest Dear.

SANTA BARBARA, *Christmas, 1886.*

TO MAMMA, ON HER BIRTH-
DAY

A LITTLE flower I bring thee,
A flower with shining eye,
Up from my heart it bloometh
And groweth constantly.

And to the sun it turneth,
And thy love is its sun;
It blooms in love eternal
Through all the years that run.

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1887.*

TO MAMMA

ON this pillow's white and gold
Shall rest all the world can hold,
Bounded here, personified,
Things for which brave men have died,
Things by which mankind doth live,
Love, and truth, but wherefore give
The list of virtues high and dear?—
For all is said, if you rest here.

SANTA BARBARA, *Christmas, 1888.*

LOVE'S LANGUAGE

(WITH A SKETCH, AND PIECE OF EMBROIDERY)

I TAX my brain and heart and soul
To give my love some fitting dress,
And vainly try to grasp the whole,
And all my deepest love express.

Alas, one feeble small right hand
Must body forth my glowing thought,
The heart and brain with love expand,
But by the hand to life 't is brought.

And so with needle, brush, or pen,
And words melodious said or sung,
The hand translates love, now and then,
For love still speaks an unknown
tongue.

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1888.*

TO M. R. H.

THE “cup which cheers” her dear
white hands
Twice daily do distill
With such consummate skill
That he who drinks immediately demands
Whence comes this tea, and from what
favored lands
The fragrance which the room doth fill?

In far Ceylon the tea was grown,
The smiling lips reply,
The question is put by
And answered not, the secret is not shown,
For vainly may another try
To make such tea, the secret is her own.

To M. R. B.

Instruct this little spoon to measure
The tea which gives to all such pleasure.
A vine leaf comes to service here
To help you brew the cup of cheer.

SANTA BARBARA, *Christmas*, 1888.

TO M. R. H.

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HAZARD
MEMORIAL

LIGHT of our Life, thy gracious hand
Lit the first spark of flame,
We took the torch at thy command
Thine own our lights became ;
For in thy love our happy band
Rejoice and bless thy name.

OAKWOODS, *October 9, 1891.*

TO MAMMA

MOST holy, dear, prophetic eyes,
By thy exceeding love made wise,
Which saw and knew
What should come true,
Oh might I light the love light there
And drive away all pain and care,
And celebrate the high communion
Of souls which have a perfect union.
Your soul and mine, and those that sleep,
Long gone before, will vigil keep
Till first and last no more appear,
And this new morning of the year
Brings heaven itself, for it brought you,
Dear eyes from which the soul shines
through.

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1892.*

TO M. R. H.

A WEDDING DAY SONG

NEW spring, new life, and yet the
same
New life, new love, another name,
The blossom of all gone before,
The same as all the love of yore,
That comes in all its perfectness,
A lovely life to crown and bless.

So new, yet old ; and when we come
To that new life which is our home,
Perchance we then with subtle sense,
And trace of fond remembrance,
Shall recognize our love the same,
Drawn Godward, called by the new name.

SANTA BARBARA, *March 29, 1893.*

TO M. R. H.

OF China she has goodly store
Of Doulton and Limoges,
Of tea-cloths she has full a score,
But not one of des Vosges.

So let us gather round it here
And on it faites éloges,
It is a tea-cloth without peer,
It comes from out des Vosges.

CANNES, *Christmas, 1893.*

SPRING SONG

TO M. R. H.

THERE 'S a feel of spring in the air,
And a twitter of springtime birds,
And a scent of flowers fair,
And a murmur of tender words,—

And my heart returns to its rest,
To its home in that heart of thine ;
For there is spring at its best,
There all its beauties shine.
CANNES, 1894.

TO M. R. H.
ON HER SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY

IF you should speak of age to-day,
This little spoon perchance would say,
Behold me, copied from one made
What time great Rome made men afraid ;

Pompeian dames did honey sip
From off this pointed silver lip.
My handle's curves the smith conceived
When men in all the gods believed,

When gladiators fought and died,
Before our Lord was crucified,
For beauty is time's constant gage,
And still endures from age to age.

If beauty lives in this spoon's bowl,
How much more in a blessed soul !

OAKWOODS, *September 28, 1894.*

THE DEDICATION

(NARRAGANSETT BALLADS)

MY thoughts like birds come flying,
From east and west they come,
And song to song replying,
They flutter round their home.

Dear home where dwelt my fathers,
Dear Heart who art its sun !
Round thee the song all gathers,
And ends where it begun.

OAKWOODS, *October, 1894.*

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